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From the Boston Miscellany, for January, 1842

To Perdita. Singing.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Thy voice is like a fountain
Leaping up in clear moonshine
Silver, silver, ever ensoaring.
Ever calling,
Without thinking
To that bountiful heart of thine.
Ever and and happy feeling,
Then best had in bygone years.
Though thy lips ripen ensoaring, stealing
Closer and less,
All the smiles and all thy tears
In thy voice awaken.
And sweetwove web of joy and woe.
From their reaching it hath taken
Feeling and music more together,
Like a sunset and rainbow ever
Hearing on a skyblue river,
In a day of cloudless weather.

It hath caught a touch of sadness.
Yet it is not sad,
It hath caught a touch of gladness,
Yet it is not glad
A clear, vibrant, lovelight voice it is,
Where Poesy's sentiment blue
Is transparent with happiness,
With many feelings quivered through

Thy voice is like a fountain
Leaping up in sunshine bright
And it never wears resembling
Its clear divergence, but, ever soaring,
Or when in rain fall quickliest mingle,
Showering in sunbeams light!

Those it meets such as would
Feelings of old troubles and fadid.
And around their gentle-ey roots
Blinds a woodland, free perfume—
Oh, this flattery sing to me!—
Oh, then flattery!

Yet I do but blench to see I love Harry," said the youngest maiden, "as you know, dear Jane; and I would lay down my life," she continued with enthusiasm, "and more than life for him, were it necessary; but I am unnecessarily do I cherish his image in my heart—and that is a tenderness I have never made before, even to you. He never said—

"Never mind the hats, sweet cat," gaily said Jane, "I guess your curious, although you cannot find words in which to express it for if it had been about that sandy Charley Stanworth we had been conversing, and I had been conversing with him for hours, for an hour even I should have given would have been that I could not help it," and the maiden actually grinned from sheer want of words to describe the absurdity.

"Oh! how you rattle on, Jane," said her milder companion, "I am sure I never could talk as you do, about Harry."

"And why not, Helen? Simply because it is not your nature so to do. But you are always silent and reserved, while I have been called a rattler ever since we dressed our dolls together in the old parlor in Albany, before either her father or mine died, or either of us had thought of these wild but beautiful woods."

"Or of Captain Stanworth," interposed Helen, with a smile at the seriousness of her companion.

"Why, my maiden coz," retorted Jane, merrily filling up her basket for the children, "you know that I have brought the blood again into the cheeks of her sensitive companion, "you have really cast off your reserve at last—that Captain Stanworth—but" she added suddenly, seeing that the blood had left Helen's face, and that her cheeks had assumed a hue as livid as that of death, while her eyes, distended with horror, were fixed on a stone gaze at some object across the shoulder of the speaker, "what is the matter? Are you ill? In heaven's name speak."

Helen made an attempt to reply, for her lips moved, and a moment after the sound was heard in the form of speech, and her only reply to the question was made by pointing with a quivering finger in the direction in which her gaze was fixed. At the moment an Indian—the next moment Jane turned hurriedly around.

The sight that met her eyes would have driven the blood back in torrents on the stoutest heart, and well accounted for the terror which shook the frame of Helen as in an agitation. In the open space immediately in front of the dark mouldering face of an Indian, in his war paint, peering through the leaves endeavoring foliage. He had approached unperceived by the children from behind the island upon the cousins like a tiger on his prey. Jane gazed in speechless horror upon the face of the soldier of the maidens. His wrinkled brow was bent into a flattened frown, and from beneath his overhanging forehead gleamed forth his dark fiery eyes like fatal orbs gleaming far down in a furnace. His tomb were slightly parted in a sardonic smile, and he nostrils were distended with a deep gasp of inhalation of his prey. A slight scream burst from Isabel's lips as her eye fell on this fearful apparition, and for a moment, as the horror at the sight of her cheek, and her breath came in short quick gasps, while she reflected on her unprotected situation. It was but a glance in which the Mohawk under Indian eye those terrible incursions into the valley which have since been the theme of the historian and the romancer. In the rear of the cottage was a garden, through which brawled a brook, that after tumbling over a tiny waterfall in one of the neighboring fields, lost itself in the darkness of the dim old woods to the right of the house. Though the cottage, so we have said, was small, no language can describe its beauty. Every thing connected with the structure bore the impress of neatness and taste. It had been originally built of hewn logs, and these had subsequently been covered with a weather-boarding, but neither could now be seen through the thick canopy of vine-leaves which mantled the walls, and which, deeply dyed in hues of purple, crimson and gold, gave the cottage a fairy-like appearance, reminding the traveller of the autumnal hills of the Hudson. Indeed so complete was the tenement burned in the foliage that the windows themselves were half shrouded from sight, while the door-way was partially concealed by the leaves that hung drooping from the vine overhead.

The hour at which our story opens was that when twilight first begins to partake of Paradise. On this evening the twilight was peculiarly soothing. The sunset yet faintly reddened the western sky, and the moon was just begun to be seen in the eastern horizon, while the balmy wind of an autumnal evening was scarcely to low symphony over earth and air. The whole scene could be heard murmuring sweetly in the distance. Occasionally a leaf would rustle to the ground, or the forest emit a low mysterious sound like the sighing of a sentimental maiden's lover, while now and then the voice-bird would pipe forth its melody in the house, or the whole wood-piper would be heard to draw in the forest. The hour was one so melancholy yet sweet emotions—it was an hour to make one forget the earth and gaze upon heaven.

In one of the rooms of the little cottage set two beings, and both were supposedly beautiful. The one was a dark-haired girl, with a large flowing head, and such a figure that would have become a Juno. Her eyes, so queenly and majestic, yet imbued with a feminine grace that rendered it beautiful, were now fully impassioned and softened, however, by a playfulness of expression almost ridiculous—and the deep dark splendor of her features were so full of high wonder, yet beaming with womanly tenderness,—all these combined to form a face and figure which commanded you one minute of a Prudhomme's, the next those of a Hebe. Her companion was smaller in size, and of a different order of beauty. Nothing could be more exquisitely proportioned than her slight and virgin-like figure—and yet nothing could be more full of rounded form, every delicate limb. Her face was like that of a Madonna; so high and holy was its expression. It was one indeed to fall down before and worship. The eyes were of a deep blue, the hair was of a rare golden color, and the forehead was broad and beautifully smooth, the lips were of a luscious red and delicately chiselled, and the smile that played around her mouth when she spoke had a purity and sweetness, and told of a deep affection overwhelming in the virgin breast of the owner, that you could not gaze without admiration, nor admire without love. And these, as her companion spoke gayly on, seemed to engage no other subject which seemed to be near the heart of the maiden, the blushes would momentarily shoot into her face and die away at the northern lights on a clear sunny evening flush the sky for an instant and then fade.

"Yes, coz," continued her companion, keeping up a conversation which had lasted some time, "this constant way will soon be at an end, and then how happy shall we all be—and the smiles and all the tears

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And around their gentle-ey roots
Blinds a woodland, free perfume—
Oh, this flattery sing to me!—
Oh, then flattery!

The green, bright glow of childhood bring to me

Flowing like an emerald river,
And the bright blue skies above
Oh, my heart and all thy tears
Into the bosom of my bosom,
That somehow I feel the movement,
The meaningful, strangeness cannot
Of that never-ending flow.
The joy that like a clear league went
Through and through the old time!

Peace sets within those eyes,
With white beads coast in restful rest.
While through thy lips and thy face, Agnes, the tenderness
The sunshine from out my inner.
Nor stir and sing,
Who shall be troubled the airiness
And white cross coast
Wrap me not from passed things
They are not lost.
The beauty which the summer rose
Or those morning spirit shed,
The form rose to the Rose
That filled the soul with joyous fared.
The scent of every smallest flow
That made the heart sweet for an hour.
Yes, every holy influence
Flowing to thee, thou heavenly out whence.
In those rose-tinged, in some
Tends to a high and holy heart:
Promptings of Nature, beckonings sweet,
Whatever fed thy childish flow
Still will linger unawares,
The pathers of thy silver hours.
Every look and every word
Which thou gavest them to-day,
Tell of the ongoing of the bird
Whose music still the church's play
Those dear themes and gone away.
But see one thing which does bind
From thy soul shall be remained
When thou weep in that they are lost.
And dost sorrow to be gone,
For that they have loosed on.
Then are present with their need

The voice is like a fountain
Trembling up in sharp starlight
When the moon behind the mountain
Dons the haze out with faintest white.
Ever darkling,
Ever sparkling.

We know not if to dark or bright
But when the great moon hath risen round
And, sudden-sure, its solemn power
Arrives before behind, clear-edged round.
No spot of dark the fountain keepeth,
But shift or varying symbols, hopeth,
Into a waving silver flower.

Original Articles.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Hour of Peril.

A Tale of the Indian Border.

BY JOSEPH M. SELTON.

It was the middle of October. The era was that of the American Revolution. The scene was a little farmhouse or rather cottage, situated in one of the pleasantest nooks of the valley of the Susquehanna. The cottage had surrounded the tenement, which was apparently nestled in the very heart of the forest. In the rear of the cottage was a garden, through which brawled a brook, that after tumbling over a tiny waterfall in one of the neighboring fields, lost itself in the darkness of the dim old woods to the right of the house. Though the cottage, so we have said, was small, no language can describe its beauty. Every thing connected with the structure bore the impress of neatness and taste. It had been originally built of hewn logs, and these had subsequently been covered with a weather-boarding, but neither could now be seen through the thick canopy of vine-leaves which mantled the walls, and which, deeply dyed in hues of purple, crimson and gold, gave the cottage a fairy-like appearance, reminding the traveller of the autumnal hills of the Hudson. Indeed so complete was the tenement burned in the foliage that the windows themselves were half shrouded from sight, while the door-way was partially concealed by the leaves that hung drooping from the vine overhead.

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"And why not, Helen? Simply because it is not your nature so to do. But you are always silent and reserved, while I have been called a rattler ever since we dressed our dolls together in the old parlor in Albany, before either her father or mine died, or either of us had thought of these wild but beautiful woods."

"Or of Captain Stanworth," interposed Helen, with a smile at the seriousness of her companion.

"Why, my maiden coz," retorted Jane, merrily filling up her basket for the children, "you know that I have brought the blood again into the cheeks of her sensitive companion, "you have really cast off your reserve at last—that Captain Stanworth—but" she added suddenly, seeing that the blood had left Helen's face, and that her cheeks had assumed a hue as livid as that of death, while her eyes, distended with horror, were fixed on a stone gaze at some object across the shoulder of the speaker, "what is the matter? Are you ill? In heaven's name speak."

Helen made an attempt to reply, for her lips moved, and a moment after the sound was heard in the form of speech, and her only reply to the question was made by pointing with a quivering finger in the direction in which her gaze was fixed. At the moment an Indian—the next moment Jane turned hurriedly around.

The sight that met her eyes would have driven the blood back in torrents on the stoutest heart, and well accounted for the terror which shook the frame of Helen as in an agitation. In the open space immediately in front of the dark mouldering face of an Indian, in his war paint, peering through the leaves endeavoring foliage. He had approached unperceived by the children from behind the island upon the cousins like a tiger on his prey. Jane gazed in speechless horror upon the face of the soldier of the maidens. His wrinkled brow was bent into a flattened frown, and from beneath his overhanging forehead gleamed forth his dark fiery eyes like fatal orbs gleaming far down in a furnace. His tomb were slightly parted in a sardonic smile, and he nostrils were distended with a deep gasp of inhalation of his prey. A slight scream burst from Isabel's lips as her eye fell on this fearful apparition, and for a moment, as the horror at the sight of her cheek, and her breath came in short quick gasps, while she reflected on her unprotected situation. It was but a glance in which the Mohawk under Indian eye those terrible incursions into the valley which have since been the theme of the historian and the romancer. In the rear of the cottage was a garden, through which brawled a brook, that after tumbling over a tiny waterfall in one of the neighboring fields, lost itself in the darkness of the dim old woods to the right of the house. Though the cottage, so we have said, was small, no language can describe its beauty. Every thing connected with the structure bore the impress of neatness and taste. It had been originally built of hewn logs, and these had subsequently been covered with a weather-boarding, but neither could now be seen through the thick canopy of vine-leaves which mantled the walls, and which, deeply dyed in hues of purple, crimson and gold, gave the cottage a fairy-like appearance, reminding the traveller of the autumnal hills of the Hudson. Indeed so complete was the tenement burned in the foliage that the windows themselves were half shrouded from sight, while the door-way was partially concealed by the leaves that hung drooping from the vine overhead.

The hour at which our story opens was that when twilight first begins to partake of Paradise. On this evening the twilight was peculiarly soothing. The sunset yet faintly reddened the western sky, and the moon was just begun to be seen in the eastern horizon, while the balmy wind of an autumnal evening was scarcely to low symphony over earth and air. The whole scene could be heard murmuring sweetly in the distance. Occasionally a leaf would rustle to the ground, or the forest emit a low mysterious sound like the sighing of a sentimental maiden's lover, while now and then the voice-bird would pipe forth its melody in the house, or the whole wood-piper would be heard to draw in the forest. The hour was one so melancholy yet sweet emotions—it was an hour to make one forget the earth and gaze upon heaven.

In one of the rooms of the little cottage set two beings, and both were supposedly beautiful. The one was a dark-haired girl, with a large flowing head, and such a figure that would have become a Juno. Her eyes, so queenly and majestic, yet imbued with a feminine grace that rendered it beautiful, were now fully impassioned and softened, however, by a playfulness of expression almost ridiculous—and the deep dark splendor of her features were so full of high wonder, yet beaming with womanly tenderness,—all these combined to form a face and figure which commanded you one minute of a Prudhomme's, the next those of a Hebe. Her companion was smaller in size, and of a different order of beauty. Nothing could be more exquisitely proportioned than her slight and virgin-like figure—and yet nothing could be more full of rounded form, every delicate limb. Her face was like that of a Madonna; so high and holy was its expression. It was one indeed to fall down before and worship. The eyes were of a deep blue, the hair was of a rare golden color, and the forehead was broad and beautifully smooth, the lips were of a luscious red and delicately

The Sister Nun.

It was in the year 18—, when the English army were encamped near Lisbon, that two British officers paid a visit to the Convent of St. Clara. It enclosed within its walls many females of the first families and accomplishments in Portugal, who had taken the vows, which rendered them secluded for life, and precluded them from all the principled deception. Their story interested the feelings, and their beauty gave rise to deeper impressions in the minds of the young officers. Their sorrows and imputed virtues ended in the young officers offering to carry off to England three various of deception, and there to make them their own for life. The plan was formed, and after the scenes of concentual persecution, of all others the most terrible, which was exercised on the fugitives, to give their enterprising admirers a willing assent. Colonel Pierrepoint and Sir Harry Trelawney were both men of wealth and fashion, and the Countess Isabella and Donna Clara easily believed them sons of honor. It was speedily arranged that Colonel Pierrepoint's brother, who commanded a frigate in the harbor, should receive the ladies on board, and convey them to England. The time was chosen for the following day, should receive the ladies on board, and convey them to England. The time was chosen for the following day, should receive the ladies on board, and convey them to England. The time was chosen for the following day

SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1841.

Acknowledgment.

We give our thanks to a large number of the subscribers of the Post, for the very handsome manner in which remittances have been made to us, for some time past, and for the quality of the funds, in which they have been made. We shall endeavor on our part to do justice to them in turn.

A word to those still in arrears. We shall be much obliged for a speedy settlement, as the volume is now opened, and we wish to start, unencumbered by back balances. Let the accounts all be settled up, and we will take a *fair* start together and see who shall first tire in the race. *We shall continue to issue a splendid paper.*

☞ Samuel Arnold, now of Smith County, Tennessee, is not now, nor has he ever been, an agent of the present proprietors of the Saturday Evening Post, consequently his receipts are not valid. We gave a similar notice in November, 1839.

Our Third Year, and the 22d Volume.

With the present number of the Post, we commence the third volume, under our auspices, and the twenty-second year since the establishment of the Saturday Evening Post. Of the stability of the paper, it is needless to speak. Where is there a family newspaper in the country, that can boast of the same prosperity and age? We believe we stand alone, and have fully solved the problem, whether in newspapers, as in other things, tastes may change, and the paper of to-day give place to the vigorous young rival of to-morrow. It is now conceded, that the success or failure of periodicals depends ...

Population of Philadelphia.

The following is the official report of the population of the city and suburbs.

White males,	111,807
White females,	126,317
Colored males,	8,316
Colored females,	11,515
Slaves	2
Aggregate,	258,037

The city, for example, contains a total population of 93,665—Southwark 27,548,—Northern Liberties, 34,474—Spring Garden, 27,849—Kensington, 22,314—Moyamensing, 14,573. The remainder is divided among the smaller and less important districts. By the way, we may state here, that a project is on foot at the present time to extend the limits of the city very considerably.

Electro-Magnetic Locomotive.

The following annunciation of a vast improvement by a new modification of mechanical power, will attract public attention generally. It is translated from the Echo du Monde for the National Intelligencer:—

A letter has been received at Leipzig, dated 22d July, stating that Mr. Lewis Gabriel Stochow, a mechanician of that city, has just finished an Electro-Magnetic Locomotive, the greatest part of which is constructed after Mr. Wagner's plan, and which has been purchased by the Germanic Diet. This locomotive is of seven horse power, and will draw three cars full of passengers. It costs about $1,000, instead of $7,500, the cost of a ...

SATURDAY POST.

Terms of subscription, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1.50 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to fund their letters addressed "Post Office Box" or "Mail" to see a fresh.

Agents to solicit subscribers and furnish with their names and terms.

Orders to discontinue must be sent before the Post office assigns the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if requested by letter.

Small Book Notes of account Books received in payment for subscription.

Agents are requested to collect and to make quick remittances, as we wish it is difficult to keep accounts when payments are not made.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Remember that always state the Post office name plainly, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

Financial Record.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers for the week ending Thursday.

		Price sold for
300	shares Girard Bank,	72¾
220	do. United States Bank,	12¾@13
50	do. Bank of North Am. R. R.	22¾@23
50	do. Mechanics' Bank,	17
44	do. Philadelphia Bank,	66
50	do. Girard Bank,	72
25	do. Reading R. R.	49⅞
25	do. Lancaster R. R.	69⅞
10	do. Western Bank,	81
25	do. Mon. Bank, Bost. Prin.	81
100	do. Pennsylvania Bank,	87
25	do. Mon. Bank, Bost.	87
5	do. 6. Sec. Bank	81
50	do. Mechanics' Bank,	81
$10,000	United States Bank Notes,	81

For Jersey Finances.

New Jersey, the smallest state from Governor Pennington's Message, is one of the few lucky States that have kept out of debt. And although last year's tax was 4 per cent. and her natural resources are much inferior to most of the other portions of the Union, yet she is not encumbered in her pecuniary affairs, and has no trouble about raising money to meet her current wants. Her habits therefore is no danger of violation, her credit is sound, and her home unstained.

The affairs of the State are conducted with commendable economy, and the whole sum of taxes to be raised by law in the form of salaries is only $13,750 a year. How the intemperate reader yields a large portion of his small hourly surplus has accumulated.

Instead of plunging deeper debt and allowing internal improvement companies to dip their hands into her treasury, as Pennsylvania is going out of debt as fast as she can have done. New Jersey has commenced to pay off the tables and agreeables out of the company's treasury, and has ordered a railroade running entirely across her territory, besides numerous branches, and has built up a large permanent work here, and not one nothing, but she has actually been paid for allowing them to be built.

Discovering.—Dividends have been declared by several of the Banks of Philadelphia:

Southwark,	3	per cent.
Commercial,	3	"
Manufacturers' and Mechanics',	3½	"
Western,	3	"
Northern Liberties,	3½	"
Moyamensing,	3½	"
Mechanics',	3½	"
Farmers' and Mechanics',	3	"

The Philadelphia Bank, we understand, resolved to declare no dividend until they could ascertain the value of the securities which they hold.

The Chemical Bank being called upon to declare a dividend, and being uncertain as to the exact profits, declared a nominal dividend of one cent on each share.

The Chemical Hill and Spring Hill Turnpike Company declare a dividend of three and a half per cent. for the last six months, payable after the 11th inst.

Money Matters in New York.—The Express says there is quite a stringency in the money market. Wall st. Money, sales that paper, for mercantile paper is in abundance at par. A large amount of gold has been sold and is discounted in the street within a few days at six per cent. but the transfer is small to what it was a few days ago—there have negotiated at within the past six months. Notwithstanding the large exports of specie, and the high rate of foreign exchange, the banks are in a condition to accommodate commerce.

Destruction of the Riverboat.—The $5000 offered by the city of Boston for the detection and conviction of the brigands who entered and robbed the steamboat Gilbert & Sons, Davis, Palmer & Co. and the house of Anderson, were rewarded—Hall & Co. offer $1000—$500 to Captain Conroy; $100 to Mr. Hudson, and nothing to either of the other claimants. The $1000 reward offered in the case of the Merchant Bank is withheld in the opinion of the referees, and consequently was not awarded.

Real Estate vs. Education.—In the House of Lords last September, Lord Brougham expressed great satisfaction at the circumstance that £70,000 had been expended in the royal navy, and that the sum had scarcely went £70,000 from the Government for the education of the people. Viscount Melbourne explained that the grant was indispensable, and the Duke of Wellington concurred with him.

A Back Account.—A verdict has just been rendered in the Circuit Court, of one thousand dollars, against Mr. L. P. Pendleton, for breach of promise. The suit was commenced upon his brother-in-law, Mr. Lester Wallack. The plaintiff was introduced to Mr. Pendleton was on the point of sailing for Apalachicola; and he has since kept away. The suit was brought for $50,000.

Damages and a Bill.—Mr. J. R. Pitts, nine time were recovered a verdict of $50 against Mr. Phineas Sun, for advertising a demand against him. The Sun has now received a judgment for that verdict, and the costs which amounts to $602.75. Mr. Pitkin can therefore have his Bill whenever he is ready to pay over $153 75 and costs for it.

Tea, Coffee and Cocoa.—There was imported into the United States during the year ending June 30, 1840, 19,261,676 lbs. tea, valued at $5,417,389; 94, 368 lbs. cocoa, valued at $13,284; and 127,863,040 lbs. coffee, valued at $15,983,880.

A Financier on Trial.—Benjamin W. Green, who robbed the bank of Virginia of a large sum of money, was on Saturday put on trial in the Circuit Court. Fifty-five men were called before they got a jury. The court then adjourned.

A Valuable Sheep.—It is said that a London publisher has cleared £7000, in a song called "Merry Germany." The author of which received five guineas for the copy right in the first place, and five guineas more.

Cotton.—Exports from the United States since 1st October, 37,738 " Same time last year 41,311 Increase 3,573

A Mess.—Robert Smith, a blacksmith, died recently in London, worth $40,000. He was so mean in his habits, he could not afford himself the luxury of subsistence.

United States Loans.—The Secretary of the Treasury has deposited $1,000,000 to the credit of the U. S. in Boston at par. In New York, a smaller amount was taken.

Specie.—About $500,000 left New York by the last packets for England and France.

Political Intelligence.

Virginia Election.—According to a slip from the Wheeling (Va.) Times, dated Saturday, the returns of the Wheeling district, except Ruggs' precinct, in Tyler county, "which," says the Times, "will not vary much much either way."

	Parriott, (W.)	Newman, (Dem.)
Ohio,	686	387
Brooke,	113	104
Marshall,	354	419
Tyler,	193	387
	1356	1469

Giving Newman, (Dem.) forty-four majority, and consequent to have been.

The election of Newman ties the State Senate, giving each party thirteen members.

Assessors and Assessments.—The several supervisors of the City and County met on Tuesday at the office of County Commissioners, pursuant to act of Assembly, for the purpose of receiving their books and returning again their Districts. The most important change in the manner of making the assessment from that of last year, and will be a fair one, is the assessments of personal tax the same as upon the land year's books.

Rhode Island.—The General Assembly of Rhode Island adjourned on Friday week, to meet in Providence on the second Monday in June next. Governor King of Hunterville, to repeal the law of June last, giving to married women the right of disposing of property by will called up, and upon motion of counsel, and at the suggestion of members of the bar, the committee had leave to withdraw his petition.

Law.—The population of this Territory is said to be sufficient to entitle it to admission into the Union as a State. A disposition is manifested by the Iowa people to form a State Government, and apply to Congress for a place among the family of States. One of the measures urged in favor of this step is that it will relieve Iowa to avoid benefit of the benefits of the Distribution Law.

Official Vote for Governor.—The official vote, as published in the Reporter, for Governor in Delaware is as follows:—Porter 1256,126—Hanks 1125,123. Porter's majority 1 Hanks's majority 1,003. The returns of votes rejected by the judges, is included. That township gave Porter 33—Hanks 69. Thirteenths made, the Democratic majority will be declared 33,616.

Historical Memorial.—The Texian Congress have directed a marble bust of Senator Walker, of Missouri, who made the motion in the United States Senate for the recognition of the Independence of Texas, and a portrait of Senator Preston, who seconded the motion, to be placed in the Capitol of the Republic.

Mr. Washington Barrow, of Mississippi, our Charge d'Affaires in Portugal, has arrived in New York, and will set for Lisbon at an early day.

Senator Clifford.—Notwithstanding the efforts to break up the abominable slave trade, it still continues in South America, and also in the United States. The Rio Hebron, on the 4th of September, brings intelligence that the brig Catalina, a slaver, had been captured above fifty days from Havana, by H. M. brig of war Acorn, and had arrived at St. Helena. She had a crew of sixty-five Spaniards, and she exchanged several shots with the Acorn. In a bag of rice were found papers which gave information that twenty-three slave vessels were fitting out from Havana. The Catalina was taken by board the Acorn, which sailed for the Coast of Africa, to put them on a deserted and uninhabited part of the coast. Seven other slavers, previously captured, were landing up at St. Helena, and they rushed in upon them in small boats, and while in this situation a young man who was without rushed into the house and saved the mother of Mrs. W. which were so burned that most of them fell from her. She charged the young man to find in her arms that he was unable to extricate himself until he had carried her out of the house, when they both fell upon the ground. He finally broke from her grasp and threw water upon her, but was too late to save her life. The young man was also very badly burned.

Making Oneself.—Away down east, all along shore, near Mardsfield, one day last week, before the ice was fit for a footing but, intrepid sportsmen, there have been seen a load featured man, with a shaggy tomtuk, come upon his back, and a coarse harpoon, that looked rather the worse for wear, upon his head, equitated upon a stone, and with a fair fall of wind, screwing out an old chowder pot, which the last mess had been so curious as to have a little mess classify from it should have been. Shortly after, the same hand was to be seen sprinkling pepper and salt upon the fresh fish, and, by appearance, as they simmered in the pot over the aforesaid crackling fire. And they were decked about the same time, with the seasoning. Who do you think that man was? It was Daniel Webster, the statesman.

Wholesale Death.—We copy the following paragraph from the Louisville Journal of the 15th ultimo. Five deaths in a fortnight from the same disease are grants arrived at the Belize before New Orleans. The most unfortunate, however, of the deaths, and saviour that they should not fall victims to the yellow fever, sees a number of persons coming from out of the city, and going to furnish them with the means of subsistence until the yellow-fever should subside. The emigrants thought it was all a Yankee trick. "We are told, said they to the Orleanians, that we can make money by coming to New Orleans; if the authorities will pay us that, we will stay and make money; but if not, we will follow hereafter to the city; and, at the last dates, it is said that not one has as yet left.

Attempt to Murder.—The Baltimore Sun of Monday says:—We learn that an overdamore took place in Anne Arundel county, in this State, a few days ago, that was nothing more nor less than an attempt to murder. It seems that a certain young gentleman engaged in some game for liquor. An affray took place between a Mr. Jesse Hammond and a Mr. Watkins, when Hammond left the house, but returned shortly after with his gun, and fired at Watkins's going out of the door, and as he entering his shoulder, but not inflicting a mortal wound. The persons who witnessed the occurrence, and whose name a Mr. Baker, who was present. He was afterward arrested, and committed to Annapolis Jail, where he remains.

Mark Lynching.—Another atrocious outrage is recorded in the Vicksburg Sentinel. The proprietor of the Big Black Island, near Grand Gulf, by a band of ruffians, who, after whipping the overseer severely, and inhumanly whipped, and a Mr. Kirkwood barely escaped by the trickery. The overseer's report of these outrages, took him to the river bank, and after getting him into the water, commenced to duck him, and would have thrown him into the river. It is said that the parties engaged in these outrages are connected with persons in Grand Gulf, and that some of the leading lynchers have fled.

Important to Farmers.—The following is a new and highly important discovery in the New York Sunday Atlas for the rapid extirpation of ants, viz:—To have a large wooden trough, with a box of sufficient size for a proper proportion of water, and laid a ton of sulphuric acid. We propose to ascertain the extent of these nocturnals, a cause of carbonic acid gas could be evolved, which, by its specific gravity, would be clear of the water, immersed as it would penetrate to every portion of the nest, and the destruction of the ants be completely as if it were drowned in the North river.

Melancholy.—The Tallahassee Star contains the following melancholy and distressing account of the death of a single family in that place, who were formerly residents of Columbia, S. C.

Dead at Tallahassee, of the prevailing fever, on the 25th, Mr. Robert G. Welfford, aged 31 y. and on the 28th Hept. Robert V. Welfford, Esq.; and on the 31 Mrs. Welfford, aged 30 years; and on the 1st Oct. James G. Welfford, aged 18, United in the grave in the short space of 6 days. And on the 6th Oct. Richard G. Welfford, aged 24.

Fatal Accident.—The Misses' Journal of Saturday says:—A melancholy accident occurred in this city, on Friday aged about five years, was drowned near the Navy Yard. He was playing on the wharf, and fell in. He accompanied his sister to a spring, in which a barrel was placed to catch the water from the gild left, it is supposed he attempted to dip water out of the barrel, and in so doing overbalanced himself into the same, in which situation his lifeless body was found by Mrs. Jarvis. The child was a favorite member.

Penn N. E. Boundary and the Assumpsink Railroad.—The Aronstock road is now turnpiked and completed to the Pennsylvania line. The Commissioners have expended a twenty-five to the Fish river station, a distance of about forty-five miles, and have a fine road for the whole reasonable summer road, constructed by the same under the superintendence of Samuel Jarvis, Esq., the efficient secretary as his south of the St. John, is now under the same superintendence of Mr. Samuel Jarvis, Esq.

From Florida.—The U. S. steamer Gen. Taylor, arrived at Savannah on the 10th ult. from Florida. A letter from Tampa Bay, dated the 4th inst. says that about one hundred Indians, have been induced by Alligator and Jumper to emigrate to the west side of the Mississippi, but the rest of Coa. Worth. It will be recollected that Alligator and Jumper were the principal chiefs who came to terms with Colonel Worth in September. He was the principal Chief of the United Nations of Ottawa, Pottawatomie and Chippewa Indians, and was present at the treaty of Prairie du Chien, in August of 1825.

Heat.—A few nights since a negro was shot by a few thirteen years of age, for attempting to enter his mother's room. The negro was severely wounded, but the boy has been hunted off before, and returning made his way up to the door in the dead of the night, when the boy shot him.

Wheel Carriages in 1753.—A correspondent of the Boston Gazette, dated the 23d of January, 1753, says:—"Yesterday arrived here the school carriages in the State of Massachusetts, and there are now in the whole 4 coaches, 14 chariots, 1 calash, 183 chaises, and 872 chairs.

Great Abundance.—Six cents is the price taxed in Cincinnati for a common sized pumpkin, and 12½ cents for a large one. The Times thinks, at that tariff, a little man can get a dollar—if they will only let them.

Suicide in Prince—Joseph W. Place, who was confined in prison at Vevay, Ind. awaiting his trial for murdering a man named Hamilton, on the 4th inst. hanged himself, committed suicide on the 14th ult. by taking poison.

Completion.—The widening of the Morris Canal, which extends from Easton, Pa., to the Bay of New York, is now completed, and is open for the transportation of coal. Lehigh Coal to the City is the consequence.

Early Winter.—We learn from the Newburyport Herald, that on Tuesday morning last, the thermometer stood at 24, being 8 degrees below freezing, and the ice was formed in many places below the flowing point. The weather had again become mild.

Thanksgiving in all the Eastern States is appointed for the 25th inst. Governor Seward has set apart the same day for the State of New York.

Arson and Robbery.—A woman named Sophie Pothas, has been arrested in New York, charged with setting fire to her house, to recover $300, the amount for which her furniture was insured.

Needles.—By a single machine, a sure tray, 50,000 needles are manufactured—triangular files, 3,000 a day—three or four minutes accurately arranged, head and point.

Turkish Empire.—The population of Turkey is about 18,000,000, of whom 10,000,000 are Mussulmans and 7,000,000 Christians or Jews.

Internal Improvements.—The Presbyterian Church at Oswego, (N. Y.) was set on fire and burned to the ground on Sunday night last week.

John Purdon—John Doe has been sentenced to nearly five years imprisonment in the penitentiary in Richmond, for stealing a horse.

Thanksgiving.—Gov. Curwen has appointed Thursday, 1st December, as a day of Thanksgiving throughout the State of Ohio.

Army & Navy.

United States Troops.—The Cincinnati Republican of the 18th ult. states that Capt. Sanders, of the Infantry passed by that city, up the river, on the packet Ben Franklin, on Wednesday last. They will go from Portsmouth by the canal to Cleveland, thence by the lakes. The regimental company will consist of Lieut. Crawford, Snelling, Winnebago and Atkinson, on the Upper Mississippi. It is commanded by J. K. McIntosh, the other officers present were Assistant Surgeon Kennedy, Lieutenant Laurel, Ensign Cummings, Capt. Smith, Hoor, Lynde, Hampson and Sybley—Lieuts. Thompson, Ruggles, Reed, McPherson, Russell, Whitall, Fowler, Brooke, Little, Norvell, Robinson, Wright, Longstreet, Campbell, Rosencrantz and Jones. The officers did not seem well.

Soldiers at Pensacola.—The Army and Navy Chronicle of Saturday says:—We learn by a letter of an officer who left Pensacola on the 12th ult. that the sick were at the naval hospital, under the care of the Lawson. The accounts that stated. During the few days previous to the 12th ult. the deaths were from seven refugees of pressure who had recently recovered, and nearly all of them proceeded to the North. Mrs. Mende, the Commodore's housekeeper, has taken his family to Pendola, for their health, when he was taken ill and died in about 36 hours; his body was conveyed to the yard, and buried on the 11th."

A Military Encampment was held at Bouldsboro, Centre County, in this State, about a week ago; about 600 men were present. The encampment was under the command of Colonel Andrew Gregg—assisted by Lieut. Col. S. C. Hale, Majors W. Burchfield, and G. R. Barnett; County under Capt. George Buchanan. An appropriate were made for an encampment at Lewisburg, on the fall.

Navals.—The United States ship Constitution, Capt. Turner, from the Pacific, was on Rio de Janeiro on the 15th September, bound to the United states. The frigate Potomac, Captain Stuart, and schooner Enterprise, Lieutenant Gedney, were also at Rio de Janeiro.

Western Arrival.—A meeting has been held at Dover, (Beaver county, Pa.) for the purpose of welcoming to obtain the remains of the U. S. Western Reserve at that place.

City News.

Monument of a Fireman.—There has been lately erected in Southwark, to the memory of a fireman who perished. The following inscription tells the story of him whose remains repose beneath:

ERECTED
BY THE
PHOENIX HOSE COMPANY
TO THE MEMORY OF
GEORGE LYBRAND EISENBREY,
Who was killed while in the discharge of his duties.
As a testimony
By the fall of a wall,
In Market street above Sixth,
June 16th, A. D. 1841,
ÆT. 24.

Above this inscription is an inverted wreath, within which, in relief, is the word "Eisenbrey." There are on the east side of the monument, on the west side, a carved in bold relief an inverted torch, with the word "Phoenix" inscribed upon it. On the north side is Charles M. Howell, a fellow member of the ill fated deceased, and on the south side, Mr. Marion.

The Coroner's Inquest.—The Court of General Sessions on Saturday morning last, gave instructions to the Coroner's Jury, that they were the sole judges of their duties, and that they were to be governed by their own conscientious convictions of the law and the facts. The Court was conscious in its opinions, and ordered that the Coroner's Jury should be so instructed.

The Court was unanimous in its opinions, and ordered that the action of the Court, be made out by the Clerk and transmitted to the Judges of the several districts of the county. Judge Barton in giving the opinion of the Court, stated that the duties imposed by Mr. McLaughlin for the offence of receiving the note in question, were not applicable to the case. In receiving it, knowing it to have been stolen, and by that act he could properly comply with their contract with the Country, the Government should not fail in theirs with the owners, and under very extraordinary circumstances, for which the law of Congress of March 3d, 1825, was made.

The C. has been employed in the Gulf of Mexico, West Indies, Brazil and Pacific Ocean; has been at sea about four hundred days, and sailed over fifty thousand miles. She has been on shore but a few months, during her cruises and commerce wherever she went. We extend a welcome to the return of the gallant officers and crew, and hope that long, the officers and crew will be ordered to the same station.

The following list of officers now on board the Constitution, have very many of gallantly sent to us for publication, which we do with pleasure, for the information of their friends:

Captain—Daniel Turner, Esq.
Commander—Edward W. Carpender.
Lieutenants—Thomas D. Shaw, 1st; William Smith, 2d; Peter Turner, 3d; Wm. K. Worth, 4th; Alexander Gibson, 5th; George W. McCreary, 6th.
Surgeon—Thomas Harris.
Purser—McKean Buchanan.
Acting Master—Henry Hunter.
Lieutenant Marines—Julius C. Rich.
Acting Midshipmen—Wm. H. Hunter, Jr.
Pound Midshipmen—M. Hunt, F. S. Haggerty.
Assistant Surgeon—C. Maxwell, S. Jackson.
Boatswain—Wm. Hall.
Gunner—Wm. Hall, Carpenter—Chas. Smith; C. E. Jones; S. Brown; T. S. Kendrick; J. P. M. Farland; W. W. Pierce; J. Hoyt; A. G. Hoyt; A. G. Hoyt, Jr.; R. S. Arnold; ; W. E. Hopkins; J. Dar; R. S. Rossiter; W. W. Fish; ; E. Semmes; ; P. P. Farland; J. F. Sperry.
Acting Masters Mate—E. F. Olmsted, Captain's Clerk—G. Hill, Masters Steward—R. H. O'Neil, Gunner—G. Newman, Carpenter—J. Cahill, Armorer—N. B. Pond, Purser's Assistant—William C. Cardwell.

Note—Those officers marked (dun) * joined the Constitution at Rio Janeiro, from the U. S. Frigate Potomac.

Accident.—The Albany Daily says that the driver of the Catskill and Canal Boat's carriage met his life on Friday week. The valley in which the road is carried, is 70 feet deep. Broad stone walls are erected on the 18th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Hyde, Mr. Henry Louisa Maria Louise, of Washington, daughter of the late John Thompson, Esq., of Charleston.

On the 19th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Wheeler, John Wilkinson, of Cincinnati, to Miss Margaret Bethune, daughter of Alexander Mitchell, Esquire, of Philadelphia.

On the 20th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Dodge, Mr. Robt. Quinn, to Miss Mary Ann Cassidy, both of the N. Liberties.

On the 14th of March last, by Alb'y Bethune, Mr. J. Fox, to Miss Mary Ann Bethune, all of Albany.

On the 14th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Dodge, Mr. Thomas T. Armbruster, to Miss Mary Ann Smith, both of Oxford.

On the 14th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Dodge, Mr. Thomas Jefferson Crenshaw, to Miss Elizabeth Hurlock, all of Oxford.

On Tuesday, the 19th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Wm. Thomas, Mr. Thomas Hall, to Miss Ann Eliza Hall, daughter of Mr. John Hall, all of Oxford.

On Thursday evening, 19th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Wm. Thomas, Mr. Michael Gilmore, to Miss Mary Ann Hall, daughter of Mr. John Hall, all of Oxford.

On the 20th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Dodge, Mr. Wm. Hall, to Miss Mary Ann Hall, both

THE OLIO.

Variety is the spice of life.

"Tho' gloomy at first the expanse of blue above."

Shortest Love Letter Yet.

This tuneful Lord John is my lover—
He is not my sovereign, I'm sure;
Without any land he's the Lord of my heart,
And I'm willing to be his dear Jane.

He's on shore, and at sea, and on land,
Without any land he's the Lord of my heart,
So short, so exceedingly true!
That he's single and free is tuneful Lord John.

The sum in my sister counting is one
For he stole her heart, and I'm none—
And I'm losing a treasure exceeding,
To be courted by tuneful Lord John.

If my cousin could see us at dinner—
If this Proverb had but a one—
For fortune is so partial,
That I haven't a chance but Lord John.

I've been out for four winters and springs,
And this is the fourth I've seen—
Gracious me! if old maids weren't such jolygoses
of things,
I'd have nothing to say to Lord John.

Solutions.

Answer to the Geographical Enigma of last week.—Sunday Evening. Mississippi, Missouri, Avon, Thames, Rhone, Desert, Angel, Vesuvius, Erie, Neva, Egypt, Navy, Ganges, Ohio, Nile, Gambia, Euphrates, Rio Grande.

Answer to the Arithmetical Question of last week.—3, 6, 12, 24, 48, 96.

Original Enigma.

The French were the first who established critical journals, properly so called. The *Bibliotheque des Savans* of Leeds was established in 1665. This, however, was only a yearly catalogue of new books, without remarks of any kind; and it is probable we have suggested the idea of the *Journal des Savans*, which was commenced in 1665, by Denis de Sallo, counsellor to parliament, and a native of the west of Paris, and a man of eminent attainments. The journal was conducted with so much ability, that it was not only soon quoted as of great principles of Europe, but the most translated of any contemporaneous language. It has been continued in Paris, with a few interruptions, to the present time, but has not, in late years, been very popular.

As the *Journal des Savans* was the vis ne plus ultra of literary journals and reviews in Europe, in the time which they have since arisen, it will not be regarded out of place for us to insert here a brief account of its character and early history. It was a weekly publication, and contained the names of the most popular and distinguished productions in every department of literature. The review was bold and sarcastic, and exposed the editor to the resentment of all authors whose productions were made the subject of its remarks. From some, as D'Israeli remarks, it "excited loud murmurs, and but few were thoroughly complaisant. Boileau called the guardian of the new Aristarchus, Arlekinoque; and Racine, in a passage, having published a low-bred, which Sallo had inserted with severe reflections, entered into a long argument to prove, according to the maxims that a lawyer is not allowed to defame another lawyer, etc. Scarron mentions *pour dire*, *pour ne rendre pas langue* etc. Others loudly declaimed against this new species of literary tribunal, and the attempt to regulate the public opinion by that of an individual. To avoid the personal points of these complaints or for some other reason, which can only be conjectured, the *Journal des Savans* was pursued, not in its own name, but in that of his editor or founder, Denis de Hedouville. Under this disguise, he conducted it, for a considerable time, without any annoyance from his literary friends; but as he proceeded, he found it necessary to seek consolations from others. He thus availed himself of the aid of some of the most learned men in France. His conductors, however, like himself, concealed their name, and thus they escaped the fashion of reviewing enormously, which has been followed by most modern periodicals, and which is the influence of which we shall have occasion to remark hereafter.

Religion in the U. States.

The state of religion in the United States is that phenomenon, perhaps, which strikes a stranger as the most extraordinary, in a country in which so many thing as new, and every thing different from the old world and the experience which Europe has given us. There every man must have a religion—or he do not say that he must have piety—but he must be a member or must attach himself to some religious association. Every one must have a creed, though that creed be nihilism. We cannot, indeed, expect, that the feverish activity of men, who are so devoted to the most extensive and complicated business operations, would be completely absorbed in universal concerns, and that no human would remain for attention to the interests of heaven and eternity. But the fact is otherwise. Even very men, who push their love of industry and their passion for trade to a sort of phrensy, carry their devotion to their religious opinions to enthusiasm. In the opinion of almost all who have visited America, the want of religion is owing to the perfect separation which there prevails between church and state. The greatest the confidence which we exercise in the sincerity of Christianity, the greater is the solicitude of individuals to propagate it; and we must not conceal so far, that they are with pain, and indignation with regret the language which we hear among those who are torn from their churches. The gulf, it is contended, by undoing the church which we esteem it independent of its members, destroys the inner soul and vital spirit of their party, and experience has given general currency to the opinion, that a tax, imposed on each believer for the support of religion, is better for the church and better for him than a pecuniary, voluntary income.

The separation of church and state is the more remarkable, from the gradual introduction into a history, which began with a theocracy. The leaders of the first pilgrims who landed in Massachusetts was merely ecclesiastic, both in form and in principles; inasmuch as the title of citizen was incompatible from that of church membership. It was not till 1833 that the state destroyed the last vestige of the original element, by abolishing the ecclesiastical test which made communion with the church opposed—and by relinquishing to each church or parish the exclusive management of its concerns.

A Batch of Prose.

A Baker, advertising said
I'll work some like to bind,
Not head to making bread, because,
I need a man to knead.

A Lawyer, asked about I have
At Leeds, to take the lead.

POT AND KETTLE.—"I say, Pete Sockface, what do dobbin you always want to cause in change and expectancies, and employ such hypocritical language in your language? Sometimes you speak in such note tapes oh-be day, that requires to be equilibrium, and to the strange ideology of public expectancies, to which neither can and neither will compreciate such impertinent expectancies?"

"What did you say, Sam? Look sheah, child—will all the scholar's collegiate obfuscation, and as professionally as per performed by supreme oh dictionarial definesan. I must confess did in general terms oh your remarks as to the sublime enlargement for my obtrusive intellect. Excuse you want to school one day longer dah de nigger ain't no hogs?"

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN DEBT AND CREDITORS.—Debt is a thing which every one is afraid of something. "I know you don't like me; and I know why you don't like me." "Pray, sir, what has induced me to be a scoundrel?"

"You had promised rightly," said James, "that as the cause of my noticing to me."

"Well then, James," said the first speaker rudely, "I despise you, and I'll be candid with you to your face; I despise you—I despise you because you possess certain qualities of a contemptible nature. Of course, if James' belief amounts to a certainty, they stand in no need of being in their recognized estimate of each others character.

A PUNCTUAL ANIMAL.—"Not a bad knife, that, and a handy little axe, and a good stout gun, by Jove, sir," but the man which furnished the mill from which that knife was manufactured, must have been a man of extraordinary, unequalled, yea of herculean power.

"Why?" asked the lad-keeper.

"Because, my dear sir, he is the strongest I ever tasted." The hunter-plate cracked as an instant.

RETURNED LAUGHING.—"Oh dear! mother, I've got the craving to see you!" said a girl of ten years, tripping into a house in Camp street.

"My darling, dear vulgar you talk," said the orgasmic matron, "why could you not say that you have need, I have a most nice construction in use of saying proper extraordinary."

RESIGNED.—"A Pittsburgh paper renders the old saying of 'a little talking per block' after the following refined phraseology:—'the description of culinary utensils should not accuse the editor of negligence.'"

A SERIOUS FRACTURE.—A yankee has invented a plaster so strong that it draws prize to interest, whatever. He has established mortgage saves, and the wagon to church, predominate rather than the hearse!

PRESCRIPTION!!!——"I see the colman in your face," said a country judge to a prisoner at the bar. "May's please your worship," replied Pat, "that must be a personal reflection, sure."

EXAMINE PHYSICIAN.—"Don't think of me," the man said who was upon the point of being flung over the gallows into the pit, "but remember those behind me."

GOOD NATURE.—Making very particular inquiries relative to the health of a rich, sick and childless uncle.

The Reefer of '76.

BY THE "AUTHOR OF CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR."

The Adoption.

The arrival of our beloved fleet in the Texel, with the flying squadron of the gallant Van Speyk, the landing of England, Holland and France. The latter, with the exception of Paris, was the most important of the captured ships in the latter power, and to order from the Prince of Orange to the Admiralty. Accordingly, Paul Jones, having received London in command of the Alliance, put to sea, on the 1st of December, 1780, and, after running the gauntlet of the channel fleet, and upsetting much enough to the Downs to remain there, reached the roads of Gravesend on the 10th of February, 1781. As these things are matters of history, I briefly pass them over, the more readily because I did not myself accompany the commodore; for having found a letter from my friends, I sought for me at Holland, requiring my return to Paris. I seized the first opportunity and reached the latter city without a fortnight after the separation of the Texel.

Our run through the channel was pleasant, and we had every prospect of a speedy voyage until our second day out, when the wind freshened into a gale, and that night it was blowing a hurricane. At the end of the second day, I was sent to the lower deck, and would midnight I sought my hammock, and in a few minutes was in a sound sleeper's condition, and forgotten my danger is sleep. How long I slept I cannot tell, but I was awakened by something, and startled by the heeling of the ship, and so I started up in my hammock. I was in a sad state of confusion, and the cabin, and roaring in the hold as if the bulkheads were giving way. The water was rising, and I could not distinguish, but I knew by the sound that the water was pouring in a cataract down the companion-way, and that the ship, therefore, by that path was cut off. Could the ship be sinking?—had she mistakenly run—where were the crew? were the questions that rushed through my mind at that awful moment. I had been asleep, I found, for the very ago of my fellow passengers in the cabin; but I was not prepared to be drowned. Knowing that no time was to be lost, I sprang to the window in the cabin, opened it, and found that though it was dark, and all escape by that way was closed on me. The ports were closed, and the water, which filled the cabin, already they were dashing their cold spray around me, and in a few seconds they would submerge me. But there floated at my side a life preserver, so, to most lawful guest. My brain whirled, my heart beat, and I was in a state like the grave, and my usually buoyant heart sank within